

INNER
CURIOSITIES
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POEMS

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INNER

CURIOSITIES

OUTSIDE

Find the pieces

That can fill those empty spaces

Inside of yourself -

Born missing from you,

Thought to be forever dead -

Empty spaces

Mistaken for something

Lost outside

Greed-

A search outside

Seeking to replace

An empty space

Inside of yourself

Gluttony-

Instead of looking

Outside

Always look within

To capture

What you think you've lost

Outside of yourself

Envy-

Always wanting to be who they were

And what they could be

You suddenly found yourself

All alone,

Just when you least expected to find out,

That within

You became just like them.

I've lost that loving
 Feeling of cider
 Beer, spirits
 And wine -
 False love always requites itself
 In return,
 A trick of regrets,
 Hatred,
 And misery –
 Even still,
 I might return back to what I despise
 The binding of chains to self,
 Self-less parts bound to the selfish,
 Now back to illusions of pleasure, oh why must I return?
 Why must I re-deliver myself back into dead-end prisons?

 Only to see if I can escape another self-induced slavery,
 away from desires I self-employ?
 Oh how long will it be until I relearn what I always knew, yet again?

 A return, back to those re-discoveries of forgotten wisdoms -
 just like every fool does in trying to rebuke his inner enemy one final time?

Regret

Hides on the hook

I bite

Regret

Hides in the bait

I digest

Irreversible footprints

 You can't lift and turn back

Irreversible misdirections

 From unholy detours of the senses

Discoveries -

 Lost to irreversible choices,

 Unable to retract abandoned light

 Back to every haunted shadow,

Where you left parts of yourself

 Forever buried in-between broken light

Ah, such are the sights you never see

 Dead streams in a flowing river

 Glowing stars in utter darkness

 Fallen leaves during the bloom

Ah, such are the sights you never see

 Such as those brightest shards of your soul's flicker

 Before its lamp goes dim – and your spirit is forever

 blinded by your shadow

 when your wick is snuffed out...

Ah, such are the sights you never see –
Your irreversible footprints
 In an eternal winter
Forever erased by irreversible mistakes
 Born from irreversible choices, you never meant to be -
 Trapped within infernal misdirections,
 That if you had not gone blind,
 You would flee.

We can turn back time -
Forgiveness
Is the only way
To let go
Of every mistake

Joy and Misery
Are
Two Reflections
Of
Someone
I used to know

Love and Lust
Are too crazy
About each other

Desire, Misery,
Sex, Control, Crazy –
 Five of too
Many things that make
 Me return back to
 Bad ideas

Memories in Time
Will always seem to have never existed
While you do

Unhappy skin can discover rage
inside the middle finger

Good and evil
Only exist
Inside
Our hearts

All seek the same peace
In logic and reason
Because of one common fault

Angry words are born
from inner love

Worried mind

Take action -

Run out of money

Something else

Adds up to more

This Gift
Of purpose and life –
Always hides more fragile gifts
Nestled inside -
A breath, a sight, a gentle touch
Able to be
Stolen
By
Time.

When we cast the last stone

across rough waters, and the last stone finally sinks
 where the lowest of the lowest
 can't go any lower

Bottoms dwell before

We keep feeling hope

Until all of our hurls of heart strike

rock bottom – in final backwash– wrinkles upon the under-toe wrapped up ashore
 desolation before our final glance – deep throttles for flight,
 fight not to drown,

Far away from
 Hope's echo

(This is why we)

hear nothing of what our dreams wanted, in the backwash

and know nothing about where the answers hid-

our eyes always backscattering back, astray in ocean mind, imaginations

no longer catching any hints of where – when and why

final destinies decide the last breaths
 within each molding of the rock to life;
 a form astart in the structure born
 from the
 Torn apart,

Bones from sand, blood from water; breath anew - ripping ribs,
 sealed seeds our woman carry-

unborn before the soul's windowsill of sun; unsteady shadows

Row, row, row ashore - implanted eyes, soaking up reflections renewed,

Anew we were and are and never weren't,

before rebirth

against old sands which tarry newborn steps,

unseen by the dead–reproach of footprints
 in sand, awash we become
 of stones, No retrace -

Reproach from the failure,

Of eternal prospect – first steps return back
 to first time - first moments

In final flee - innocence always;

Indisposable to youth,

GUILTS -

always indisposible to the innocent, rebukes of the indisposible

Souls escape: back to youth,

Innocence -

Mercy pleads against guilt stained time,

Until the oldest of the old

Can't get any older

Nor the broken anymore broken -

When birth anew is death, failures succeed;
and life ends final, when the older can't get any older
and the last stones are cast – rough waves change
direction, and buoys keep waiting

*

For the soul inside,
Seeking must always be –

*

Must always wait
For it to be,
a destined
patience holding on,
or else,
all memories will be lost,
where final stones drown in the lowest tides –
where the lowest of the lowest
can't go any lower

~~INNER~~

CURIOSITIES

OUTSIDE

Without one another
What can be born from each us
Will never be

The wind knows every problem
It's heard them all before
 After lifting and sunning every desire into fire
 And tempting and drowning every regret into ash
The wind carries every question
 To hopes parting from the whole,
 Like unable waves in dried up oceans
 Willing to be peeled back to every shore
The wind knows the time when
 Each answer gives birth to each question
The wind has known them all before

Outside of you
 There comes
The strangest seduction -
 Something out of touch
 Through want or need -
A newfound hope,
 To be lost to confused directions -
 Wrong turns right out of self
Only leading back to
 Dead ends
Born inside.

Awaiting certain answers,
You are always waiting on yourself
 Before you discover you are only waiting on them -
Each of them only there
 To help you discover a piece of yourself
 Lost in the separation

Waiting for them to show you something,
Might you discover you are merely waiting for yourself?
Each of us out here can only help to show you
A piece of yourself lost from the equation.

Curiosity
Never bores the eyes
Nor dreads any light outside

Each absence
Which escapes the eye
Delivers company

Each sight that eludes
The eye
Remains to be seen

They feel you out
To kill loneliness
Like I once did

A crack of sarcasm
 can deliver a punch to the eye
or leave an egg on the head

I glance and try another stare into the sun -
 But I can't keep seeing the star
No matter how hard I try to keep seeing
No matter how strong my will to overcome loss...

And so eventually darkness keeps each of us wondering,
 "Why can't any of us keep our eyes on the light?"

Reflections of the moon
-on my lips,
 I can touch light
I don't have to fly to stars
 To know another
 Worldly nature -
Every day this nature delivers itself
 Unto me, uncontained by form
Reflections, as invisible as breath.

Moonlight,
 You now kiss my lips
And sift under my sheets!
How you slip through windows
 And sneak beneath locked doors,
 After hugging mountaintops
Before you kiss me,
 Again,
 Just before one more kiss is left
 Again,
 Just before one more glimpse of stardust
 Finds itself fallen between
Curtains drawn open
To the heavens.

The dog just lifted his leg
 And left something you didn't want on your lawn
 But you didn't complain,
 Instead you only said how cute the dog was as it sniffed out
 An escape from the yard – a brown form left -

Final reminders:

of fallen arrows from heaven,
 and brown tails waving in the eye -
 of farewells into each moment with lessons
 clinging, along each unsuspecting footstep -
 reminders to always watch where we step
 beneath perils, arising at the dusk of their warnings
 upon perils, buried in the dawning of their hind sights -

Forgotten questions and answers -

Affront if found,

Sealed within hidden footprints of wisdoms relearned,

After all unclean destinies are washed away,

and all bad memories are seduced, forgotten-

Reasons why ugly offerings falter before beauty

Answers, all best reduced by their innocence – Known

silences kept far away from their dangers; mistakes in questions

Torn - Anew joy, after every soul's back step is avenged

where beauty from ugliness is reborn.

It's a wonder
Dirt
Still exists -
Dirt
Never dies
Never gets removed
even after we wash
our feet and hands clean
with bubbles.

Rocks, a sight, waves birthing bubbles
Bubbles are the water's only eyes
Going afloat, only where old bubbles die
Bubbles full of breath, as countless as stars in the sky
All of the eye's marvel but a showcase,
Nature's living proof of existence, before death banishes all
Fleeing consciousness back into its prison; Bubbles are the water's only eyes
Reborn after they die, We are,
Each, a bubble born of Man, full of breath
Born of God's reason why

An hour to the flower
Is an eternity
To winter.

~~INNER~~

CURIOSITIES

~~OUTSIDE~~

Through the curious eye
 and mind
Senryu bonds
 Our inner world
To the outside

Spring time
Two birds chirp on a pole –
Squirrel nibbles nuts on a clothesline -
Who's that?

White butterfly
In the wind

Tough choice –
Butterfly
Can't make up its mind
between blue skies
and green leaves

Curious salamander in the sun
Looks at me –
Does pushups,
Thinks I'm drill sergeant

Spider web
Curious knats swarm-
Hope moves legs

Green cactus -
has only one curious position
on the state of the world -
Don't move!

So much is going on
in the world.

There's proof:
Eight spider eyes watch

Two butterflies
 In the air
Keep looking for something
 Beyond themselves

Wild night in the yard
 My empty wine bottle -
Knats spin dizzy over it
Knats in the air
 Love to see
The world spin around

Empty springtime sky
Birds, knats and butterflies are gone –
It's time to eat!

The fly appears
in my kitchen -
he knows
it's lunchtime!

Sun disembarks night
Earth calls to twilight stars
Looking for a mate

Owl hoots east, another hoots west
Silence of moving on alone
-No reply from east

Full moon in blue sky
 Hummingbird on rusted iron rod
Tilts head to see me

Three breadcrumbs on wall
 Sunbathe in noon paradise –
Full moon sneaks a glance

My eyes catch a sight
 Hummingbird circles over
Wonders who I am

“I am who I am
Just the same as you are bird
Just as curious.”

But who are we all
In this most curious place of flesh
Blind of self and truth?

Open eyes and ears
Absorb
The nature of things

Hummingbird loves me
Sits on palm tree and flies back
*
Curiosity calls us
back to nature

Full moon in black sky
 Hummingbird eyes the palm tree
Lifts wings to leave

Feathers on the grass
 Nature is never alone
Anywhere in destiny.

Grains of desert sand
Beneath puddles
Master the monsoon

Grains of desert sand
Beneath puddles
Breed tomorrow's green stem

Wind blowing
 Red leaves in the air -
Palm trees wave farewell
 To summer peace

A reflection in your window -
 Snowflakes wave
Farewell to summer

Wood cripples ice
 Death's thirst is hard to quench
Everything can burn

Water's stolen clothes
Soil recedes roots
Thirsty bamboo bones

It's a miracle
Seeds, stems, and fruit,
Born of absence in soil

The footprint
on your grave
is your shadow
on the sun

The shadow of a fly
 upon wrinkles -
Dead skin

A drop of rain
 Into the sun
Is an ocean
 Flooding the universe

A butterfly
 On the tongue
Is a spider
 Without hunger

It's their first time in a trash can
Two rats dying arm in arm – still alive,
until each last breath of life
is inhaled by the nearby cat
Happy in rest.

Imagine now,
A chocolate chip
Trapped in winter
Slowly defrosting
In cookie sand,
Just before
Dreading its death
Those two cookies
At the edge of a bag
Face two lips -
And then suddenly
One cookie disappears
Into the mouth
Where desire devours its own existence.

Measured by time

The skinny
and fat man
weigh the same

Daisy petals and a rose
 She plucks a smile`
Knowing I watch her

Pharaoh eyes she has,
 Timeless secrets blinding silence -
Curiosity is proof of
 hidden answers

Sun's light is grace
I blink again!

Such are sparkling blessings of holy water -
Pennies can jump well to well
Only if the hopes and dreams of your heart
Cast each wish without greed

Seeds mother
The father of tomorrow's fruit

Your fork
 In the potato
Is a pitchfork
 In the earth

The dead rat
 In your yard
Is the dead flesh
 In your skin

Where does an orange get its color?
The same place
Every day finds its hour

Dawn
A daydream's curious endowment
Until sunset